

# A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Jazz (We Got the...)"

*[Intro/Chorus]*

We got the jazz [X4]

*[Verse One: Q-Tip]*

Stern firm and young with a laid-back tongue  
The aim is to succeed and achieve at 21  
Just like Ringling Brothers, I'll daze and astound  
Captivate the mass, cause the prose is profound

Do it for the strong, we do it for the meek  
Boom it in your boom it in your boom it in your Jeep  
Or your Honda or your Beemer or your Legend or your Benz  
The rave of the town to your foes and your friends

So push it, along, trails, we blaze  
Don't deserve the gong, don't deserve the praise  
The tranquility will make ya unball your fist  
For we put hip-hop on a brand new twist

A brand new twist with the homie-alistic  
So low-key that ya probably missed it  
And yet it's so loud that it stands in the crowd  
When the guy takes the beat, they bowed

So raise up squire, address your attire  
We have no time to wallow in the mire  
If you're on a foreign path, then let me do the lead  
Join in the essence of the cool-out breed

Then cool out to the music cuz it makes ya feel serene  
Like the birds and the bees and all those groovy things  
Like getting stomach aches when ya gotta go to work  
Or staring into space when you're feeling berserk

I don't really mind if it's over your head  
Cuz the job of resurrectors is to wake up the dead  
So pay attention, it's not hard to decipher  
And after the horns, you can check out the Phifer

*[Chorus]*

*[Verse Two: Phife Dawg]*

Competition, dem Phifer come sideway

But competition, dey mus' me come straightway  
Competition, dem Phifer come sideways  
But competition, dey mus' come straightway

How's about that, it seems like it's my turn again  
All through the years my mike has been my best friend  
I know some brothers wonder, can Phifer really kick it?  
Some even wanna dis me, but why sweat it?

I'm all into my music cuz it's how I make papes  
Tryin' to make hits, like Kid Capri makes tapes  
Me sweat another? I do my own thing  
Strictly hardcore tracks, not a new jack swing

I grew up as a Christian so to Jah I give thanks  
Collect my banks, listen to Shabba Ranks  
I sing, and chat, I do all of that  
It's 1991 and I refuse to come wack

I take off my hat to other crews that intend to rock  
But the Low End Theory's here, it's time to wreck shop  
I got Tip and Shah, so whom shall I fear  
Stop look and listen, but please don't stare

So jet to the store, and buy the LP  
On Jive/RCA, cassettes and CD's  
Produced and arranged by the four-man crew  
And oh shit, Skiff Anselm, he gets props too

Make sure you have a system with some phat house speakers  
So the new shit can rock, from Mars to Massapequa  
Cuz where I come from quality is job one  
And everybody up on Linden know we get the job done

So peace to that crew, and peace to this crew  
Bring on the tour, we'll see you at a theatre nearest you

*[Verse Three: Q-Tip]*

Hey yo but wait, back it up, hup, easy back it up  
Please let the Abstract embellish on the cut

Back and forth just like a Cameo song  
If you dig this joint then please come dance along  
To the music cuz it's done just for the rhyme  
Now I gotta scat and get mine, underline

The jazz, the what? The jazz can move that ass  
Cuz the Tribe originates that feelin' of pizzazz  
It's the universal sound, best to brothers underground  
In the one-six below, ya didn't have to go

Some say that I'm a sinner cuz I once had an orgy  
And sometimes for breakfast I eat grits and porgies  
If this is a stinker, then call me a stink, I ask  
"What? What? What?" - now check it out

All my peoples in Queens ya don't stop  
Now all my peoples in Brooklyn ya don't stop  
And all my peoples uptown ya don't stop  
That includes the Bronx a' Harlem ya don't stop

Now to that girl Ramelle ya don't stop  
I say because Ladies First ya don't stop  
And to the JB's, ya don't stop  
And De La Soul, ya don't stop

To my Brand Nubians ya don't stop  
And to my Leaders of the New ya don't stop  
To my man Large Professor ya don't stop  
Pete Rock for the beat ya don't stop

Everybody in the place ya don't stop  
Ya keep it on, to the rhythm, ya don't stop  
And last but not least on the sure shot  
It's the Zulu nation